

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

Proprietor.

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TERMS.

Two Dollars for one year, in advance.
Single copies, Ten Cents each.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.
Local and Special Notices, Twenty Cents per line.
A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising for three, six, nine, or twelve months.
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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.
No advertisement inserted gratuitously.
Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.
Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

How a Planter Saved his Cotton.

An intelligent planter of Alabama entirely escaped the ravages of the caterpillar last year, although it destroyed the cotton upon every other plantation in his county. His crop was the finest he ever raised. The caterpillars came up to the fields of all his next door neighbors, but they did not cross his fences. The reason for this was he issued the sternest orders that not a single bird, except the jay, should be killed on his plantation under any pretext whatever. He allowed little willow groves to grow in his fields, and to them he sent a sack of oats every morning, which was scattered upon the ground. The birds fed upon the oats, and swarmed in thousands around his fields. They exterminated the caterpillars; there were no larvae; but there was a blooming garden in the midst of a blighted wilderness. There is no evil without a cure. We know of no species of bird which ought to be killed off, except the common jay. They are deadly enemies and the common murderers of almost every species of the feathered tribe. They rob nests, suck the eggs, rob them of the young and eat them. These ornithological cannibals should be killed for this reason.

A little incident recently occurred in a Nashville court-room which might have astonished an English Justice, but which, failed to disturb the equilibrium or gravity of a Western Judge. The defending attorney in a murder case, Major Clare, understood the Attorney-General of Tennessee, Mr. Tuthill, to say that he had lied. Major Clare thereupon struck Mr. Tuthill in the back of the head. A hand-to-hand fight ensued; the parties were finally separated. The Attorney-General then explained that his learned friend had misunderstood him, and he had intended no insult whatever. The Judge smiled serenely, related an anecdote appropriate to the occasion, and trusted that the little incident would be forgotten.

An Ohio editor is getting particular about what he eats. Hear him. "The woman who made the butter which we bought last week is respectfully requested to exercise more judgment. The last batch had too much hair in for butter, and not quite enough for a waterfall. There is no sense in making yourself bald-headed if butter is thirty-five cents a pound."

The Radicals boast that their reconstruction policy is thus far a complete success. Why, then, do they propose, as in the case of Georgia, to reconstruct reconstruction? If simple reconstruction is good for nothing, what will double and twisted reconstruction be good for?

Curious Trial.

A curious trial will be heard before the Judge de Paix in a few days. A farmer and a butcher concluded their bargain over a savory dish of eels. The butcher, during the repast, drew from his purse a bank-note for five hundred francs to pay for sheep purchased. Unfortunately, the note fell into the sauce. The butcher fished it up delicately between his finger and thumb, and shook it gently to remove the sauce; but the farmer's dog, interpreting the action for a gracious invitation, snapped at and gulped down the note. The butcher was furious and stupefied. "I want my note," said he; "I will kill and open your dog." "I prohibit you," replied the farmer, "my dog is worth more than five hundred francs." "Then," replied the butcher, "I owe you nothing; your dog has received payment, and in presence of witnesses, too." "Oh," continued the farmer, "my dog is not my cashier; and further, if you have paid me, where is your receipt?" "If it comes to that," cried the butcher, "we will bring the matter before the judge," and to the court they have both appealed.

The Eloquent Mullins.

From the Cincinnati Times.

Mullins was the spread-eagle orator of the Tennessee Legislature. He is now in Congress, expressing his ideas by declaring "we are a city on a hill," being such, the city must "not put the light under a bushel." We are not only a city, but a "light-house" "to go forth," and, when it is forth, to break "fetters of the enslaved and to destroy kingly dominions." Being a city, and also a light-house, and doing these extraordinary light house performances, Mullins says we should spread out our arms, not as cities and light-houses ordinarily do, but "like seas," to invite those in bondage to come to us. This brilliant imagery "is especially worthy of note," as Mullins used to say in the Tennessee Legislature every day or two.

How to MAKE GOOD PICKLE.—To seven gallons of water add one gallon of salt, one quart of molasses, and two ounces of saltpetre, increasing the ingredients in the same proportion so as to make pickle enough to thoroughly cover the beef—then boil slowly for several hours, having the scum taken off as it rises. Having boiled enough, let the pickle stand all night, so that it may get entirely cold before being used.

We have used this receipt with uniform success, for nearly thirty years.

The forequarter is preferable for pickling, though the lower portions of the hindquarter do very well.

The "loyal militia" called out in the summer of 1867, to aid the Radicals in carrying the elections of that year, cost the tax-payers of the State \$329,126. The expenses of the State government in 1860, excluding interest on the State bonds and the appropriations to schools and other public charities, amounted to \$354,529, or only about \$25,000 more than the "loyal militia" cost for a few months. The tax-payers of the counties into which the militia will be sent this year, will have to foot the bills and also submit to Brownlow's extraordinary assumption of power.

Snow fell in such abundance in St. Petersburg and suburbs in the latter half of December that in several streets it rose to twelve feet in height. Accounts from provinces state that whole villages are buried under the drift.

A St. Paul alderman offers to marry all couples gratis who will buy their groceries at his store.

Consumption.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* gives some startling evidence to prove that consumption is mainly caused by the dampness surrounding the abodes of those attacked by the disease. He says that extended and repeated observations in England and Massachusetts show beyond doubt that, other things being equal, consumption among the people is in direct proportion with the moisture of the localities where they live. He thinks that consumption is in no ordinary sense a hereditary disease, and believes that with proper precautions in building houses in dry places, and draining wet places where houses are already built, this terrible disease may be robbed of full one-third of its victims at once, and may be eventually banished from among men entirely. If these are facts—and we do not doubt them—they are of sufficient importance to invite municipal and legislative action. We do not see why a law enforcing precautions and regulations which the medical faculty might recommend should not be passed, and inspectors appointed to carry out its provisions. It is as reasonable to legislate against consumption as against yellow fever.

The Value of Advertising.

Mr. S. H. Parvin, advertising agent in this city, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who transacted business with a large number of newspapers throughout the country, gives us the following curious statement as to his experience in these hard times:

"The necessity of a thorough and judicious system of advertising was never so forcibly impressed upon my mind as it has been with in the past few weeks, although I have studied advertising for eighteen years.

"With my customers, those that have advertised largely, and have not curtailed the amount of their advertising through the stringency of our money market, have, to my surprise, paid up in full promptly as accounts became due, but not so with those that have curtailed and advertised sparingly. They find it difficult to settle small accounts."

A Mr. Kolzakoff, of Russia, retired colonel, a noble, and wearing several decorations, has lately been tried in Moscow for cheating in selling a horse. Trading horses was really his only means of subsistence, though it was carried on secretly. At last he was caught selling to a lady a horse with a cracked foot, the defect being carefully concealed by the use of cement. He was criminally prosecuted, and sentenced to suffer the loss of his nobility, rank, pension and decorations, and to be fined and imprisoned besides. The sentence was thought to be very severe even in Russia.

THEATRES IN CHINA.—A Chinese theatre seems to be a very odd affair; there are no reserved seats, but those who wish for good places climb up into the rude scaffolding. Plays must be very popular, for they are going on all day. A ticket qualifies the holder to stay two hours, but it appears it is difficult at times to get rid of the spectators, who try to remain surreptitiously for the next performance. To expedite their retreat the manager has contrived a sort of fire-engine, which deluges with streams of water those who dishonestly lag behind.

A woman in Rochester went to church Sunday evening, taking her baby with her. She fell asleep. The infant rolled off her lap, and straitening itself up sat with puckering lip, looking in amazement at her dozing mother. The congregation laughed, and the minister had to stop preaching.

Temple of the Muses.

THREE OLDSAWS.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from view,
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own,
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to mourn,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Bask in hot, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

The Golden Tempter.

One had wealth, another beauty;
Oh! 'twas hard indeed to choose;
Either prize was worth the winning.
Each too great by far to lose:
One was rich, and one was handsome—
Wealth was ugly, beauty poor;
Beauty maketh Wealth more wealthy,
Wealth increases Beauty's store.

"Rob the one and wed the other!"
Silence, tempter, get thee gone;
What are both devoid of honor?
Worse than either when alone.
Conscience is not bribed by riches,
Wealth is not a slave to crime;
Crime will stain the soul forever,
Conscience rack you in your prime.

Limbs to labor, brain to guide them,
Health to keep them firm and strong,
And a clear brainful of beauty,
Area fortune to the young.
These are mine, and I shall leave them,
Cozened by deceitful gold;
Get thee gone, thou bold deceiver,
Tempt me when I'm getting old.

The "Loil" Cuss of the South.

"I never hear of this loyal element in the South," writes Don Piatt, "that I am not disposed to grin, having had opportunity for observation. I remember once, during the war, calling on the late lamented, in company with General Rosecrans. We were fresh from West Virginia, and the General's kind heart was full of affliction for the loyal element of that State. I said nothing, but Mr. Lincoln, observing that I grinned, at last turned and asked me what I thought of the loyal element of West Virginia?"

"Well, Mr. President," I responded, "I have been in Virginia nearly a year, and so far as I can discover, General Rosecrans is correct in his division. We have the disloyal element and the loyal element—and the difference between them is this, the disloyal man joins the army and shoots at you, on principle—the loyal man gets behind the holly bush and shoots at you for your boots." "The meaning of which is," added D. P., "that the man or woman who was disloyal to her or her section during that terrible war is hardly worth taking into account. And that rule applies with equal force to the North as to the South."

Some negro is credited with the following, which certainly evinces more sense than is possessed by some members of Congress:

"You know de turkey he roost on de fence, an' de goose he roost on de ground. You pull de turkey off de fence and he get up again. You crap his wings, but somehow or nudder he gwine to get back on de fence. Now you put de goose on de fence an' he'll fall off; he don't b'long dar. De turkey am de white man. He down now, but he gwine up again. De nigger is de goose. He better stay whar he b'longs."

A lady in Salem, Mass., last week, lost about a dozen yards of velvet, which took fire from the rays of the sun passing through a globe of water.

A Bridgeport Dutchman says that "too much whiskey is too much, but too much lager-beer is 'shoost' right."

The Woman's Rights Woman.

How Lucy Stone Dosses her Husband.

In 1854 she was married to Henry B. Blackwell, an Englishman by birth, who was then a hardware merchant in Cincinnati, Ohio, and who had for years been identified with the anti-slavery cause. He was a well-educated, honorable gentleman, and had long been an ardent admirer of the brave little woman who had never suspected an attachment of a warmer sort. When he proposed to her he said he wished her to become his wife on her own terms. She consented, her terms being the retention of her maiden name, and the renunciation on his part of all his legal rights and authority as a husband.

Such a union could not have been formidable to her, whatever it might have been to him. Their marriage was nothing more than an agreement to live together while they were agreeable to each other, and as there were but few bonds there was but little temptation to break them. Perhaps such unions might be repeated to advantage between persons who feel uncertain of a harmonious future.

Lucy Stone and her husband—say those who ought to know—have never repented. They have lived very happily together for thirteen years, and are likely to do so to the last. They have but one child, a daughter, and have since their marriage resided most of the time at West Bloomfield, New Jersey, in the strictest retirement.

Lucy Stone—the name of Mrs. Blackwell always offends her—is very far from handsome. She is small in stature, has gray eyes, dark brown hair, a well shaped mouth, and handsome teeth. Her complexion is so florid as to indicate rusticity, and her features are not at all regular or expressive of high breeding. Hers is a strong face, and when lighted up loses much of its homeliness, and strikes you as intellectual. Her charm is in her voice. Turn away from her, and you can well imagine she is lovely. Look at her critically, and you almost forget the sweet tones that have so much to do with her power of persuasion. She is extremely kind-hearted and benevolent, and never neglects any opportunity to do good. She has been much misrepresented, ridiculed, and abused; but no one who knows her will say she is not a true woman, whose aims and purposes have always been in the direction of justice, humanity and right.

TO REVIVE FADED BLACK CLOTH.—Boil two or three ounces of logwood in vinegar, and when the color is extracted drop in a piece of carbonate of iron as large as a chestnut; let it boil. Have the coat or pantaloons well spoused with soap and hot water, laying them on the table, and brush the nap down with a sponge. Then take the dye upon the table and sponge them all over with it, taking care to keep them smooth and to brush downward. When entirely wet with dye, dissolve a teaspoonful of salaratus in warm water, and sponge all over this, and it sets the color so completely that nothing rubs off. They must not be wrung or wrinkled, but carefully hung up to drain. The brownest cloth may be made a perfect black in this simple manner.

The Chinese are getting so numerous on the Pacific coast that they contemplate appointing missionaries to convert the Christians.

A New Orleans paper quotes that burglary in that city rather suffers, with a tendency to more extensive operations.

James Bowie and Henry Clay.

Reverdy Johnson used to tell a story of Henry Clay, apropos of himself. I think in some previous letter I have told you that Reverdy married Mary Bowie, a cousin of James or "Jeems" Bowie, the inventor of the Bowie knife.

One day Henry Clay who had arrived in Frederic, Maryland, by stage coach from Wheeling, met Reverdy Johnson in the street. "Reverdy," he said, "I have just had an extraordinary acquaintance back here at Cumberland. A man got half of my seat in the stage coach, a little, knotty, freckled fellow, and on the next seat were a man and his wife; on the third seat a couple of big men. We had no sooner started and got clear of Cumberland than one of the big men on the forward seat lit a cigar. He puffed and puffed, till in a little while the stage coach was full of strong fumes and the woman grew very sick. She asked her husband to raise the window, and, still unable to bear the smoke, told him she must lean upon his lap.

The husband leaned over and said to the big man:

"My wife is sick. Please do not smoke by her side."

The big man smoked like a blast chimney and paid no heed whatever. The woman grew fainter and coughed. My blood was boiling, but I knew the man could double me up and throw me out of the window.

Suddenly the little being at my side leaned forward, pulled a bowie knife out of his collar, and said to the smoking giant:

"Yes, you damned son-of-a-bussy, throw away that cigar, or I'll split you into half apples! I am James Bowie."

"The man," concluded Mr. Clay, "dropped the cigar like an automaton, and we had not a word spoken for thirty miles."

A LIE STICKS.—A little news-boy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in Sunday-school. "Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick very decidedly.

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked big. Oh, would it not buy lots of things? While he was thinking, another boy behind him cried out, "No, ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher. "Because, when the thousand dollars are gone, and all the things you've got with them are gone, too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy. Ah yes! That is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may go, but that will stay, and you will have to carry it round with you, whether you will or not; a hard and heavy load.

A dangerous convict became unmanageable while in a New York Central Railroad car. When his attendant called for assistance it was ascertained that, out of thirty-two male passengers, twenty-nine had revolvers in their pockets.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is out, in a cloth, and put it in a cool dry place. If mould appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Anecdote of Thos. F. Marshall.

The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, once a prince of good fellows, was defending a man charged with murder in Jessamine county, Judge Lusk presiding. The testimony against the prisoner was strong, and Tom struggled hard on the cross-examination, but to little purpose, for the old Judge was inflexible in his determination, to rule out all improper testimony offered on the part of the defence. At last Tom worked himself into a high state of excitement, and remarked that "Jesus Christ was convicted upon just such ruling of the court that tried him."

"Clerk," said the Judge, "enter a fine of ten dollars against Mr. Marshall."

"Well, this is the first time I ever heard of anybody being fined for abusing Pontius Pilate," was the quick response of Tom.

Here the judge became indignant, and ordered the clerk to enter another fine of twenty dollars.

Tom arose with that peculiar, mirth-provoking expression that no one can imitate, and addressed the court with as much gravity as circumstances would permit, as follows:

"If your Honor please, as a good citizen, I feel bound to obey the order of this court and intend to do so in this instance; but as I don't happen to have thirty dollars about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it from some friend, and, as I see no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days, to square up the amount of the fines that you caused the clerk to enter against me."

This was a stumper. The Judge looked at Tom, and then at the clerk, and finally said, "Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fines; the State is better able to lose thirty dollars than I am."

INDIANA FEET.—Here is the way Indiana papers compliment each other. The *Terre Haute Journal* puffs *LaFayette* thus:—"The reason why *LaFayette* doesn't build a rink is this: The ladies of that city have such big feet that not over four or five of them could skate in a rink at one time; therefore, the concern wouldn't pay." Whereupon the *LaFayette Courier* puffs *Terre Haute* in return: "It is a number eleven feet. The *LaFayette* ladies are celebrated for their pretty feet. All's well, you know, that ends well, and the *Terre Haute* editor, afflicted with the daily exhibition of agricultural hoofs, is dying of envy. Good-will, of our city, once made a pair of twenty-eights for a *Terre Haute* belle. He built them in the back yard, on a sort of marine railway, and launched them. If ever an old woman lived in a shoe, it was down at *Terre Haute*."

We find the following in the *Nashville Banner*:

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* joins with its Democratic contemporaries in Tennessee in urging the people to disapprove of "the organization known as the Ku Klux Klan." It says "it is doing infinite harm, and is, in itself, entirely wrong." It is also "aware of the fact that the Ku Klux Klan is a mere neighborhood society of wild young men, discountenanced by the community at large. But it must cease to exist."

A man died in Washington from "glanders." He had driven a horse suffering from the disease, and the physicians after a post mortem examination, and several scientific experiments, have decided that he caught it from the horse.